

## CLAWDEVIL.

[Belgravia.]

But the next morning they proceed in company to the cave mouth, and sure enough, when they had penetrated far enough, they both beheld the pale blue light described by Julian—the light, but not the face.

"Egad! I think it is I that am daft now," said Neilson.

"Come on," Julian whispered; "We will soon solve the riddle," pushing on in the darkness, and again whispering: "You see the ghostly mystery is easily explainable when you have the key to it."

The mystic light, as was now self-evident, had shone into the cavern through the roof of what appeared to be a solid rock, and from an aperture which could be gained by means of a couple of inches in the rocky wall. It was a natural man-hole, how contrived was not yet apparent. Julian was first in the breach. Neilson pulled himself close at his heels. They were now in a rocky chamber, dimly lighted through an opening at the farther end; the novel man-hole was formed by a singular slab of rock, which fitted like mosaic into the roof of the cave; it could only be opened inwards. When the stony trap-door was lowered into its receptacle by its thong of green hide, it was impossible for a spectator below to observe its existence at a merely casual glance.

"I think I have to beg your pardon, Julian; I do believe you are right for me," whispered Neilson.

"This is the secret," said Julian in the same cautious tone, and taking no notice of the other's banter. "My colonel Orson lives somewhere yonder, and when I stood aghast at what I certainly conceived was a visitant from the other world, the old gentleman had come down for water. He heard me, and under cover of the darkness scrambled up at the side."

This explanation proved to be correct. The bush lamp, held aloft revealed a large natural chamber of hard smooth limestone, near the trap-door there were a couple of kerosene tins filled with water, and a stone jar so recently overturned that the puddles glistened fresh on the floor. At the farther end the explorers found a rift in the wall wide enough to serve as a doorway. They pushed through, observing, as they passed on the inside, a rudely hewn slab that in a moment would render the place impregnable. It was a perfect place of concealment. Now came a wide passage, some twenty yards in length, curving abruptly to the left, and opening into another spacious chamber, whose earnest walls sparkled brightly as the rays of the rough-and-ready lamp glistened upon them.

"Hal! my good wild man of the woods, I hope I don't intrude," said Julian with a laugh, and probably emboldened by the proximity of his friend.

For Julian had found what he had sought, and Neilson from the shadow in which he elected to remain, could see that the sick man of the hollow game tree, and the tenant of the Fairy Cave, were one and the same. He was lying in a cot like a ship's bunk, and in evident pain. A pistol lay on a three-legged stool at his side; a couple of guns stood handy against the wall. The room was rudely but comfortably furnished; a crevice in one of the corners, through which a draught of air perpetually blew, was hidden by a screen covered with dingy pictures clipped from American and English illustrated papers. But the poor King of Fairy-land was in sad straits, weak and in pain and unable and unwilling to speak. His lack-luster eyes were nevertheless fixed upon the gentleman, who, like Paul Pry, hoped he did not intrude. Upon first becoming aware of the presence of a stranger, he had mechanically attempted to reach toward the stool, but he dropped his arm with a groan upon the possum skin coverlet, turned his face to the wall, moaned, and wearily closed his eyes.

"You are ill, my poor fellow," said Julian, adroitly shifting the pistol from the stool and seating himself; "I told you you required doctoring."

The patient shook his head, and the gesture, through all its feebleness, evinced the most obstinate determination.

"Another faint?" remarked Julian, answering his look. "Try the prescription."

The man of the woods, nothing loth, by a little assistance raised himself, and did not refuse the watered brandy which Julian placed to his lips. As before, it revived him almost instantaneously, and his first use of restored strength was to take down from a shelf overhead a coal-black pipe, with which he motioned, and fell back from sheer exhaustion. Julian understood the movement, charged the old man's pipe, changed his own, and the same light kindled both. For several minutes they smoked in silence.

"Now, then, my friend, what can I do for you?" asked Julian.

"Go away," said the sick man.

"No, I mean to stay here until you are better," asserted Julian, quietly.

If the occupant of the bunk had been in health he would, judging from the sudden effort he made to spring out, have leaped at the young man's throat. But he fell back again, as vaguely pointing to the muskets against the wall. Motioning Neilson still to remain unseen, Julian smiled, and said:

"Nonsense, old man; you won't frighten me. My duty is to look after you, and I mean to do it; so the best thing you can do is to be obedient. What do you say?"

"Clear out," he growled.

"That won't do," Julian answered. "Let us make a bargain. I won't tell a soul about you and your beautiful castle here, until I've been to consult a friend in camp yonder. He knows something about doctoring, and he'll be as silent as the grave. We'll both take a big oath of secrecy, if you like."

"Who told you I want secrecy?"

"My common sense. Come, come! Don't be afraid of me. I'm here as a friend, if you'll only believe it."

The man, however, was apparently not moved by this offer of friendship; he received it with a sneer which was nothing if not ferocious, and with a shake of the head that the mildest man must have acknowledged to be impatient. Julian, however, fearing nothing, and by this time interested in the adventure, determined to maintain possession. This he frankly told the patient, laughingly reminding him that in high civilization possession is nine points in the law. The man here glanced toward the fowling pieces, and Julian pretended to understand that he wanted him to look at them, leisurely took up the nearest, which was capped. He handed it to its owner, who stared at the intruder, and again turned his face away, while Julian replaced the gun against the wall. By-and-by he built a fire, and boiled a quart pot of tea from materials he found by rummaging the outer apartment, where he whispered Neilson to remain "perdu" until further notice—made himself, in short, useful, and very much at home. In the course of an hour or two the sick man was able to move feebly about, and Julian accompanied him at his request to secure the fortress by putting the stone door into the roof.

"Now, you see," said Julian, "I am in your power altogether." (Neilson had effectually kept out of sight.) "It is like the story-books, is it not?—giants, ogres, dungeons, and all the rest. But I dare say you won't eat me."

The person thus appealed to shook his head sadly, very much, it must be confessed, as if he thought he should like to enact the role of fee-fi-fum, had he but the energy to go through with it. At this time he was sitting on a projection in the wall, nature having here provided, not only a dining and a drawing-room finely ventilated, and on the same floor, but any quantity of seats whenever the tenant required rest.

Soon, however, another humor passed over him, and he held out his hand, Julian, imagining he desired to be helped to his feet, acted accordingly, but the king of the cave shook his head decisively, and uttered the one word—

"Right."

"Then right it is," said Julian, supporting him back to the chief apartment.

And right it was. By degrees the man became more talkative; then communicative. His story was full of startling episodes. His history proved for the ten thousandth time—as it does every day in the colonies—that fact is stranger than fiction. He had the makings of one whose footprints might have been left, honored examples, on the sands of time, but—old, old story!—his talents had been converted at the outset into the wrong channel. Not until Julian had enlisted his confidence, in exchange for honest and transparent sympathy, did the man open his heart. Toward afternoon, the hours having meanwhile passed with nimble heels, Julian said he would return to camp, obtain a few necessities from the "medical comforts" of the pack-saddle, and relieve his friend from the alarm he would naturally feel at so prolonged an absence.

He tried first to obtain a promise from the sick man to give him free entrance on his return. Though this promise was for a while peremptorily and even surly refused, the desired assurance was at length gruffly given in the laconic utterance—"Right," which in the old fellow's philosophy seemed to be all that was typical of loyalty and trust.

The hermit was now in great pain, and being unable to move out of his bunk, in which Julian had made him comfortable, explained how the trap-door might be managed from the outside—a fortunate occurrence in one sense, since it enabled Neilson to disappear from the scene without detection.

Julian was forced into two promises in return for the one given; he was to say nothing to his people at the camp of what he had seen, and was to secure the circular door in the roof with religious care—promises which, as the reader will agree, he could make with a clear conscience.

Neilson, who was leader of the party, did not like the idea of wasting time, but admitted there was no avoiding a prolongation of their halt. There was a deal of sterling humanity amongst even the very roughest bushmen, and the least tutored of their own black-fellows would have been ashamed if they knew that their chiefs had abandoned a sick man to his fate.

Julian, after mature deliberation, resolved to spend the night with the king of the cave. Returning, therefore, at dusk, he found the trap-door open to welcome him; he ascended, replaced the barrier, and entered the inner chamber.

"Now, sir, I think we understand each other," he said, depositing the saddle-pouch in which he brought his supplies, and seating himself on the stool by the side of the bunk. "You trust me, and I trust you."

Though this remark was hazarded as much in the tone of interrogation as of statement, the sick man would not treat it as such. He granted and performed that favorite trick—King Hezekiah is credited with a similar movement—of turning his face to the wall.

"Well, sir, is it a bargain?" asked Julian, pausing for a reply, and repeating the query thrice before he obtained an answer.

"Right," at length burst from the man, as he got out of the bunk, and straightened himself as he had done near the hollow tree.

"Then that is settled, and here I mean to come until to-morrow," was the reply.

The thing was settled in that way, and Master Julian proceeded to make himself at home in his own cool, comfortable fashion. It may now be seen how confidence begat sympathy, and sympathy confidence, and how both together unlocked the heart that had been sealed for many a long year.

"By the way," observed Julian by-and-by, "we have not been formally introduced to each other. True, we are here in something of Robinson Crusoe style, but we may as well, notwithstanding, observe the formalities. My name is Julian—Julian Fallerton."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A California Gold Story.

[Sonora (Cal.) Independent.]

The most singular manner of being struck by a fortune in prospecting, that we ever heard of, occurred above Spring Gulch on Sunday last. Mr. Snow, late of San Francisco, now prospecting in this vicinity for other parties, was out on a quartz hunt with Dr. Drake, of San Francisco. They were returning home, it being stormy, when Snow (who was riding a horse belonging to John Neale, of the Spring Gulch Mine, along the trail) was suddenly missed by his companion. Snow's horse had slipped off the bluff, and down he went at an angle of forty-five degrees—horse, rider and rifle (which he gripped firmly in his hand), rolling over and over in the snow, until he brought up against a mass of stone standing up out of the snow, its top covered with moss. He was not hurt, as the cold, soft cushion had saved his bones from the hard ground beneath. Scrambling up against the rock, he noticed that it was a quartz lode, and that where the horse had accidentally kicked off the moss something glittered. His eyes "bugged" out, but he did not stop to brush them off, his hands were too busy clawing off the moss. Darkness coming on, he had only time to break off a few specimens, which are filled with pure ore. One small piece, exhibited in town, was estimated to be three-quarters gold. Tons of it are, apparently, still awaiting its owner. Snow says the vein is about thirty feet thick, and in his impulsive generosity he gave away several shares of his vein soon after. He told us that he "would not look at \$25,000 for his interest." It is without doubt, the richest mass of quartz ever discovered in this country, except the Divoll bonanza, recently opened here in Sonora. Of course he told us to keep it out of the paper; but that caution we find to be getting monotonous. Mr. Snow is very well known in San Francisco as an actor of merit, and a gentleman well deserving the good fortune he has "tumbled to." Some men are born rich, others have riches thrust upon them, but Mr. Snow has drifted, through air and snow, right slap up against a pile of riches that would make old Rothschild's keen eyes turn green with envy.

## An Artistic Family.

[London News.]

With the death of Mr. Thomas Landseer, an artistic family of great eminence ends its work, at least for this generation. The father of Thomas, Charles, and Edwin Landseer was an engraver, and the talent of these three artists was, like that of Raphael, hereditary. Art runs more in families than most forms of intellectual tendency. The Bachs have added, in the course of 240 years, not fewer than 60 names to the history of music. Many of the old Italian masters were the sons of painters or mosaicists whose fame has been obscured by that of their greater children.

Yet we rarely find a poet with a poet son, or a philosopher whose child "takes after him," as Mr. John Stuart Mill took after his father. Probably the reason is that the son of an artist is attracted and allured from his infancy by the colors and instruments of art. The philosopher or the poet has no such attractive properties—nothing but books, pens, ink, and paper. A child is not interested in these, but even very young children say, "Draw us a picture," and are captivated by the imitations of art. The elder brothers teach the younger ones too, as in the great athletic families, like those of the Lyttons, Grates, Walkers, and the rest. Thus the families of artists may take to art, very naturally, even without great hereditary gifts. That of Sir Edwin Landseer was developed out of all proportion to the talent of his brothers. Edwin Landseer's best pictures are among the great works of the English school, and their future in color is made up for by extraordinary fidelity and humor; sometimes by a gleam of poetry. The pictures of Charles were, perhaps, no more than respectable, while the skill of Thomas as an engraver was the "complement," so to speak, of the young brother's genius with pencil and brush. His engravings made Sir Edwin Landseer's admirable compositions familiar not only in England, but all over the world.

## Power of Webster's Eyes.

[Concord (N. H.) Monitor.]

The first criminal case Mr. Webster was engaged in was when in the practice of the law at Boscowen. He was junior counsel, and the case was tried at Plymouth. At the examination of a witness, who was one of your moderate-speaking, self-poised men, the impression was fixed upon the minds of the counsel that he had not told all. Every approach the ingenuity of the counsel could make was made upon him, still he was the same. Jeremiah Smith, of Exeter, was the Presiding Judge, a man unequalled in his sentence. He questioned the witness with similar success. As he was stepping down from the stand, Mr. Webster, giving the man one of his looks, said: "Mr. Witness!" asked him one question, and drew from him the answer they had been so long after. Upon another occasion, while he resided at Portsmouth, a man from Newmarket was prosecuted and summoned to appear before three Justices at a certain hour of the day. Webster inquired, "Before whom are you summoned?" The man told him. "I will be there," said Webster. This Justice-in-Chief was not of a savory reputation, which Webster knew. So mounting his horse, he rode in a chill November day to Newmarket. Entering the Court-room, he found the Justice awaiting his arrival before a good fire. He stopped at the fire to warm himself, occasionally turning his eyes upon the offensive Justice. The Justice rose, went out of the room, and did not return, and as the law required his client to be arraigned before three Justices, and there were but two present, he secured his discharge, thus "looking Justice off the bench."

## Sale of Quaker Implements.

[London Daily News.]

The Police of Geneva seem to be wise in their generation. Most people know that our own Police keep what are inquiringly called a "Black Museum," a place full of gory razors, axes, revolvers, ropes, dark lanterns, and other gloomy implements of crime. The Geneva

Police have a similar collection, like that of Mr. Wemmick in "Great Expectations." This museum is cleared every three years by a public sale. Amateurs now know where to look for the relics of the illustrious unfortunate. Many would give a "fancy price" for Peace's fiddle or for the revolver of the same burglar.

The Geneva collection includes daggers, jimmies, skeleton keys, noiseless drills and life-preservers. Thus any young crackman starting a business has a capital chance of buying, at a moderate outlay, the implements of his craft. He not only will purchase cheap but historical weapons, rich in inspiring associations. Who would not feel his heart beat more steadily as he handled the jimmy of Sikes, or the lantern once employed by Peace? If the practice of hanging existed in Geneva, old robes would fetch fabulous prices, for it is a common superstition that the rope which has hanged a man brings luck at baccarat. The whole plan of the sale seems rather cynical, but no doubt it will bring in money, and of money Vespaasia rightly observed non olet; it does not smack of the place whence it came.

## Port Wine Stories.

[London Truth.]

Appropos of the questions of the benefits to be derived from the moderate drinking of good port wine—to which I lately alluded—there is a well authenticated story of a Baronet who awaking in the morning after having returned late over night from a convivial party, found himself seized with paralysis, almost deprived of speech, and unable to move one side of his body; being either light-headed or from a desperate impulse, he had a bottle of prime port brought to his bedside, and having finished it, turned his face to the wall and slept. Wonderful to relate, he awoke quite well; his mind clear, his speech restored, and his general health as good as ever. He lived for many years, and daily consumed a couple of bottles of his specific. I have heard Sir Hercules Langenshain named as the hero of the above story. This was the toper who, on being disturbed one evening in his arm-chair, a couple of hours after dinner, was asked: "Have you finished those three bottles of port without assistance?" and replied: "No, not quite that. I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira!"

## Double Sufferers.

If the thousands that now have their rest and comfort destroyed by complication of liver and kidney complaints would give nature's remedy, Kidney-Wort, a trial they would be speedily cured. It acts on both organs at the same time and therefore completely fills the bill for a perfect remedy. If you have a lame back and disordered kidneys use it at once. Don't neglect them.

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**LIVER REGULATOR.**

The Greatest Anti-Bilious, Alterative, Rheumatic and Cathartic Compound of the Age.

Never fails to cure the most obstinate diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Blood, Jaundice, Bilious Colic, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Female Irregularities, Rheumatism, Gout, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Boils, Pimples, Blisters, Erysipelas, &c. Sent by mail on receipt of one dollar. Descriptive circular sent on receipt of stamp.

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A positive cure for all affections of the organs of respiration, the Throat, Lungs and Bronchial Tubes. The most aggravated cases of Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Hoarseness, Tightness of the Chest, Indigestion and Incipient Consumption. Price 25 Cents.

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A valuable rubefacient, stimulant and sedative. Acts decidedly yet gently on the parts affected, removing the most obstinate pain in all parts of the body. Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Affections of the Kidneys, Backache, &c. Price 25 Cents.

**SWEDISH KIDNEY & LIVER PILLS.**

Positively Cure Backache.

Being an active diuretic they cure the most obstinate cases of Dropsy, Diabetes, difficult and painful voiding of the urine, Brick Dust Deposit, uric, mucous and milky discharges, Calculus, Gravel, &c. Backache in its worst form, inflammation of the Kidneys, Ureters and Bladder. Price 25 Cents for trial box. Large box containing 100 pills, \$1.00.

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A PLEASANT, SAFE, SPEEDY, and RELIABLE CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, and ALL BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS; of great benefit in the treatment of Consumption. A fine TONIC and INVIGORANT.

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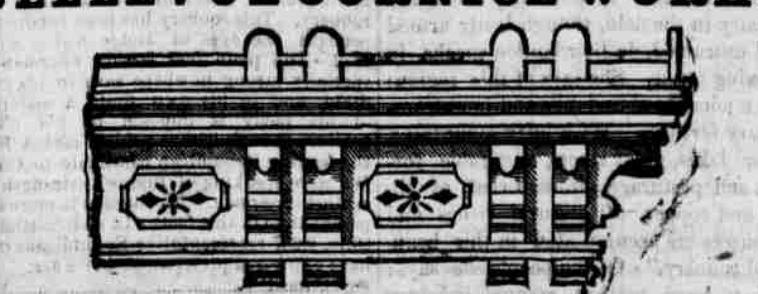
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READ THE CERTIFICATES.

One Thousand Dollars will be paid if they are not all Genuine.

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State of New Jersey, Bergen County, Township of Hackensack, ss.

Thomas Johnson, of said township, being duly sworn, doth depose and say, that he has been severely afflicted with rheumatism for above a year, and was so bad that he could scarcely walk, being bent almost double, and was utterly unable to do any work. Having heard of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, he was induced to try it, and after using it a short time, was able to go to work again, after being unable to do anything for nearly a year.

T. JOHNSON.

Sworn to before me, J. H. BRUNCKENHOFF, Justice of the Peace.

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Dr. Tobias—I write to inform you that the child of a friend of mine was cured of croup, after being given up to die by three physicians. One hour after your Venetian Liniment was used it was out of danger. I hope you will publish this, so that mothers may know they have a remedy for this terrible complaint. I lost a child by croup previous to hearing of your Liniment, but now never feel alarmed, as I have your medicine always in the house, and also use it for all sore throats, etc., and always find it cure.

JEREMIAH CURE.

17 North Moore street, New York.

**GREAT CURE OF RHEUMATISM.** This is to certify that I had the rheumatism in my hip so I could not walk without my crutch, and after using Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment a short time, I was cured, and I can now walk as well as I ever did. I believe it is a most certain cure for rheumatism, as I have tried many things without any good, and after using this Venetian Liniment for only a few days I was well.

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NORTH KENNESAW, N. Y. Dr. Tobias—Dear Sir: I have used your Venetian Liniment in my practice as a horse-doctor, for the past five years, and consider it the best article I ever tried for barking broken bones, wounds, lame backs, sprains, &c. I have no hesitation in recommending it to the public as the best article for all pains flesh is heir to.

JAMES SWENT.

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Port Richmond, Staten Island.

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Certificate of the Surgeon of the Royal Mail Steamer America.

This is to certify that I have used and recommended Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, and have found it useful in various cases. It gives an unfailing relief from the annoyance and irritation consequent on mosquito bites, and prevents a mark being left.

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A Good Reliable Horse Liniment and Condition Powder.

Such are to be found in DR. TOBIAS' HORSE LINIMENT in pint bottles, and Derby Condition Powder.

NO PAY

If not superior to any other. The Horse Liniment is only half as strong as the Family Liniment, and will not take the hair off if used as directed. The public appreciate it, as during the epidemic of 1876 bottles were sold in one day, as the following oath will show:

OATH.

This is to certify that I sold, on the 28th inst., three thousand one hundred and forty-one (3,141) bottles of my Venetian Liniment.

S. I. TORIAS.

Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 28th day of October, 1872.

D. S. HART, Commissioner of Deeds.

FROM COL. D. McDANIEL.

Owner of Some of the Fastest Running Horses in the World.

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This is to certify that I have used Dr. Tobias' Horse Venetian Liniment and Derby Condition Powder, on my race-horses, and found them give perfect satisfaction. In fact, they have never failed to cure any ailment for which they were used; the Liniment, when rubbed in by the hand, never blisters or takes the hair off; it has more penetrating qualities than any other I have tried, which I suppose is the secret of its wonderful success in curing ailments. The ingredients from which the Derby Powders are made have been made known to me by Dr. Tobias; they are perfectly harmless.

D. McDANIEL.

From Col. C. H. Belevan.

New York, April 20, 1877.

After years of use, I give my pleasure and certify to the virtues of Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment. It has saved the life of one of my four horses black team. This recommendation I give without solicitation. I think owners of horses should know its value.

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